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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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A REMARKABLE EXECUTION.

The dismal rain beat against the window of the court-house, says the New York *Star*, and swept in sheets across the jail-yard. Court was adjourned for the day, the clerks had gone home, and a band of officials gathered in the grand jury-room for a half hour of chat. But the flow of conversation was less free and jovial than common. Apparently the depressing aspect of things without had affected the spirits of the county magnates. The usually smiling face of the sheriff wore a sad expression, and the jolly Surrogate gazed mournfully out upon the cheerless, muddy street. Upon the benign visage of the County Judge was a melancholy look, as if in his official capacity he had sentenced himself as a private individual to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Tilted back in a big arm chair, the foreman of the grand jury thoughtfully cleaned his finger nails. A long silence was broken by the sheriff, who observed, as a sudden gust of wind dashed the rain noisily against the glass:

"What a day for a hanging!"

"Wretched!" replied the Surrogate, carefully turning the leaves of the Penal Code. "I wouldn't be hanged on a day like this for any consideration."

"A fellow would catch his death of cold," put in the foreman of the grand jury. "What put the subject of hanging in your head, sheriff?"

"Oh, I was just thinking of a poor fellow who expiated a murder in Iowa ten years ago on just such a day as this."

"Another of your Western yarns, eh, sheriff?" said the Surrogate, with a yawn. "Why will a man always draw a long bow when he tells what happened to him out West?"

"This is gospel truth," retorted the sheriff, quickly, "and it's nothing that happened to me, or I should not be here to tell it. Moreover, Mr. Surrogate, I never exaggerate."

"Oh, no," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"Never mind him," said the foreman of the grand jury, "go on with your story."

The sheriff seated himself on a green-covered table and began:

"Well, as I said, this happened ten years ago, 'way out in Iowa. A fellow killed his brother-in-law and was sentenced to death. The hanging was public, the gallows being erected on the open prairie a little distance behind the jail. I was sworn in as special deputy. Holy Moses, how it did rain on that day. The water came down in chunks with sufficient force to tear an umbrella to tatters in fifteen minutes."

"Sheriff, sheriff," murmured the County Judge in a tone of gentle reproach.

"Oh, it's a fact. The condemned man was carried to the place of execution in an open cart. Another deputy and I rode with him. A hanging was too rare a treat to be missed by people out there, no matter what the weather was. Shivering and wet, a large crowd stood in the coarse, saturated grass about the scaffold. We placed our man under the cross piece and fastened the rope about his neck. Everything was ready except the last prayer and letting the trap fall. The sheriff asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. 'Yes' said the man. He made a long speech, declaring his innocence, abusing the Judge, and that kind of thing. Suddenly he stopped in the middle of a sentence. All this time, you must remember, the rain was falling in cataracts. Seeing the doomed man silent, the sheriff tipped a wink to the clergyman, who, being a Baptist, did not mind the rain. The Reverend gentleman began to pray. We all bent our heads, although no one was pious enough to take his hat off. Just as Brother Hardshell was winding up his petition, we heard a cry of astonishment from the crowd. I looked up, and what do you think I saw?"

"The prisoner escaping?" asked the Surrogate.

"No, sir, he was hanging two feet from the platform."

"What?" cried the sheriff's auditors, together.

"It is a fact, gentlemen. The rain had shrunk the rope enough to hang our man for us."

For a moment the silence of the room was broken only by the ticking of the clock and the rattle of the raindrops against the panes. The foreman of the jury drew a long breath and said:

"Sheriff, a man of your imagination should write unsolicited testimonials for patent medicines."

"That is certainly a remarkable story," said the County Judge, "but I know one at least equally strange."

"That's right, Judge," replied the Surrogate. "Never let it be said that any man in the county can outlie you. Let's hear your tale."

"The scene of my story is also located in the great West."

"Of course," said the Surrogate.

"You may never have heard of San Jacinto Canon, in Colorado. Its rocky walls are almost perpendicular and are 500 feet high. The canon is at no point more than an eighth of a mile wide. Through it runs a beautiful stream, the water of which is clear as crystal. The stream has its source in the canon, and runs through it for a distance of a mile and a half. Then it suddenly disappears in the earth, to break out again at a point thirty miles below. A small, lazy, dirty tribe of Indians occupies part of the country along the canon. They are as low and degraded a set as I ever saw. Have no firearms, wont be converted to christianity, and don't know good whisky from stair-rod polish. What little work is done in the tribe the women perform. Well, one day about two years ago a squaw started out to get some trout for her own and her husband's breakfast. These Indians catch trout by diving for them in the stream I have mentioned. The woman jumped into the beautiful pellucid water, down, down—"

Here the County Judge stooped.

"Well, why don't you go on?" inquired the sheriff.

"That squaw's husband waited long for his breakfast, and it came not," continued his Honor, dreamily. "At last, desperate with hunger, he laid violent hands upon a ham sandwich which he had captured several days before in the wreck of a railroad train many miles away. Morning glided into afternoon, and afternoon into evening, but the squaw returned not."

"Has she got back yet?" interrogated the foreman of the grand jury. "Because it's nearly supper time, and we can't wait for her much longer."

"Nine minutes after that woman dived for the trout she burst upon the vision of an astonished fisherman thirty miles below the point where she entered the water. She had been carried into the subterranean current of the river. When she came out she had a big trout in each hand."

The sheriff's feet came emphatically to the floor. The Surrogate said: "I've heard enough," put on his overcoat and walked out. He was followed by the foreman of the grand jury and the sheriff, who observed that the rain was abating and it was a good time to dodge home between the drops.

CROSS-EYED GIRL AT SCHOOL.—"Are the internal recti of your daughter's eyes of exactly similar strength?" asked a Boston schoolmarm of a pupil's mother. "I mean," she continued, as she saw a look of vague wonder overspreading the face of the woman, who had never heard of Concord, "are both eyes equally hyperopic, or has she used the ciliary too much?"

The woman rose fiercely. "Hannah Jane squints, if that's what you're driving at," she said indignantly; "but she's got sense enough to say what she means, and I wont leave her here to be made a fool of;" and she flounced out with her offspring, while the teacher explained to the school that squint meant a 'convexity of the lens of the optic organs.'"

SIMPLE CURE FOR GAPES.—The easiest and best remedy for gapes in chickens is caustic lime, either air or water-slaked. It should be dry and powdered. Take the chicken in the left hand and open the mouth, keeping it upright, and then drop a pinch of the dry lime into it. Hold this position a few seconds until it is obliged to breathe, when it will inhale some of the lime; then let it go. One application of the lime in this manner has cured, in my experience, every case of gapes, some of them in the last stages. After trying a number of remedies I find this the best of all, as it is simple and sure, and does not injure the chicken. The lime kills the worms.

Girl Barbers in Chicago.

"How did the girls learn to shave men?"

"Oh, different ways. I began practicing on my brother. He hadn't any beard and the first time I shaved him he looked as though a cyclone had struck him. His face was cut in a dozen places and for a week he had to sleep on his back. After I had laid him up I practiced on my young man. I didn't lather his face and when I got through with him and when he looked in the glass he got mad and said I was a devil of a barber, any way, and he went out of the house and never came back again. I kept on practicing, though, and by the time I was able to shave without slicing a man, I had used up my father and my other brother and two cats and a straight-haired dog, besides another young man and two young fellows who used to wait on my sister Jennie."

"I don't think there are any lady barbers anywhere else in Chicago but here. The gentleman who owns this place thought it would be a great card to have them. It has worked very well and he is making dead loads of money. Nearly everybody who comes here, except regular customers, comes for the fun of getting shaved by ladies. I don't know but that it is nicer," she said, while she showered the sufferer's face with sea foam and wiped it off with a piece of coffee sack.

"A great many young fellows come who have nothing but down on their their cheeks. That reminds me of a joke one of the girls perpetrated one day. A young man with tight trowsers and one eye-glass came in about a week ago with a stock-yards dude. He looked around leisurely for a minute or so and then said to his friend: 'Beastly bad, John, you know, to come heah, but it will be quite jolly to say you've been shaved by a girl.' Annie, who shaves in the next chair, is a very nice looking girl and the young swell took off his coat and stretched himself out in her chair. 'I say Mary, how do you shave, you know, up or down?' Annie winked at me and then looked carefully at his face and then said: 'We usually shave up, sir, but in this case I guess I'll have to shave down,' and she put so much stress on the last word that the other young fellow burst out laughing and we laughed and everybody in the shop laughed and the swell in the chair looked so silly you would have thought somebody had sat down on him. I've nearly finished now. Only a little wax on your mustache and then I'm done." She took the ends of the incipient mustache between her thumb and index finger, as she spoke, twisted it around once or twice, and with a 'There, five cents, please,' dismissed the young man with a smile and called "Next!"—[Chicago Times.

What One Woman Did.

There has just died in a town in Maine, a woman, aged forty-five, who in her sixteenth year was left an orphan with seven younger brothers and sisters on her hands and nothing for their maintenance. She at once took up the only thing she could do, millinery, and by taste and energy succeeded not only in supporting her brothers and sisters, but in giving them an education denied herself. One brother is a minister, one a lawyer, and another well-to-do in trade, and the sisters respectably married; and all this she achieved while working half her time in a darkened room, saturated with ether, to still the pain of an internal disease that revenged itself on an overworked body. Nor up to the last was she an hour beholden to friend or relative. Yet this is one of the women whom statisticians often rank as superfluous—not being wives or mothers—and in whose spontaneous self sacrifice the very ones for whom they toil and bear the burden are apt to see nothing very extraordinary. But where does one find the boys of a family thus immolating themselves for kith and kin?

A German has recently patented underwear manufactured from sponge. It is said to be more flexible than woolen, more easily cleansed and to absorb the perspiration without checking it. After thorough cleansing and beating, the sponges are dried and shaved into thin slices, which are sewn together to form the garments. In addition to other virtues it is claimed that this singular clothing is durable.

How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow gets up behind and the cow eats grass from her and the horse eats to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark upon a tree never gets any higher from the ground or what tree bears fruit without bloom?—[Bill Arp.

How Tacks Are Made.

The iron is received from the rolling mills in sheets from three inches to twelve inches wide, and from three feet to nine feet in length, the thickness varying, according to the kind of work into which it is to be made, from one-eighth to one-thirty-second of an inch. These sheets are all cut in about thirty-inch pieces, and by immersion in acid cleansed of the hard outside flinty scale. They are then chopped into strips of a width corresponding to the length of the nail or tack required. Supposing the tack to be cut is an eight-ounce carpet tack, the strip of iron, as chopped and ready for the machine, would be about eleven-sixteenths of an inch wide and thirty inches long. This piece is placed firmly in the feeding apparatus, and by this arrangement carried between the knives of the machine.

At each revolution of the balance wheel the knives cut off a small piece from the end of this plate. The piece cut off is pointed at one end, and square for forming the head at the other. It is then carried between two dies by the action of the knives, and these dies, coming together, form the body of the tack under the head. Enough of the iron projects beyond the face of the dies to form the head, and while held firmly by them, a lever strikes this projecting piece into a round head. This, as we have said before, is all done during one revolution of the wheel, and the knives, as soon as the tack drops from the machine, are ready to cut off another piece.

These machines are run at the rate of about 250 revolutions per minute. The shoe nail machines, for cutting headless shoe nails, are run at about 500 revolutions per minute, and cut from three to five nails at each revolution.—[Mechanical Engineer.

PHILOSOPHICAL DYING.—The following incidents are related of the last days of the late Prof. Johnson, of Trinity College: "He told his friends that he desired no formal or published eulogies, in any shape, over his death, and only such a quiet and modest recognition of it as would be consistent with the position he had held in the college and church. He exhibited the very opposite of fear in view of the great change; he greeted it joyfully. Being offered an anodyne to soothe pain he replied: 'No; I prefer, in making the passage into Paradise, to go with my eyes open.' A subsequent twinge of shrewder pain led him to say, "I don't know but it is my christian duty to ease this if possible;' and he took an anodyne. As long as he retained consciousness he displayed a lively good humor and was cheerful to the last.—[Boston Transcript.

THE SLANDERER, HIS ACCOMPLICE AND HIS DUPE.—The first makes and utters the slander, the second repeats the slander and the third believes and acts upon it as true. The first is to be abhorred, the second dispised and the third pitied and shunned. "Slander! the vilest whelp of sin! When shall the work of this foul demon be stopped? In China, it is said, the house of the slanderer is required to be painted black, that all good people can shun and avoid it. But why should anybody believe the slander? People should be incredulous and rise above the influence of the slanderer. The dupe is often injured as much as the victim himself.

HAPPINESS.—Selfishness and happiness can not flourish on the same stem. He who cares only for himself never finds what he seeks; he grows narrow, stunted and mean, and becomes at length incapable of any but the meanest enjoyment. It is as if he were surrounded by flowing streams, and, though athirst, has not the power to drink of them. It is only the man of generous impulses who can know what real happiness is; but to develop those impulses in the right direction and make them truly valuable to mankind, thoughtful intelligence and wise discretion are indispensable.

Walter Lewis, of Chicago, and Miss Rose Kennedy, of Springfield, Ill., were married in a balloon at Cleveland and immediately ascended on a aerial wedding tour with Prof. King and a newspaper correspondent. The altitude was about 1½ miles and a safe descent was made several hours after 12 miles from Solon, O. The bride had probably vowed that she would never marry any man on the earth, like the girl who married in the Mammoth Cave, or maybe she wanted to marry a "rising young man."

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

Managing an Idol.

A story is told of how a very wise Chinese official managed to make a willful god grant his wishes. There had been no rain for a long time. The streams and the wells were drying up, the crops were dying, and the people knew that if the rain did not come soon there would be a terrible famine. They and their officers hurried to the temples to pray before the idols for rain. There was one great idol, supposed to have special power, but their petitions to him and to others were all in vain. Still the sun blazed on, pouring down upon the parched earth its fiercest rays; not a cloud, not a drop of rain. Finally a wise old official lost all patience with the gods, and exclaimed: "That great god, sitting comfortably up there in the shady, cool temple, does not know how hot it is outside!" So he ordered men to take the god to the top of a high hill and leave him there in the boiling hot sun all day. It was done, and by night the polished gilt surface was well blistered; and the officer chuckled with great glee over it, saying, "He knows how hot it is now." Strange to say, the very next day the rain came down in torrents, and all said, "What a wise officer we have! He knows how to manage the gods!"

Of late years the employment of women as clerks has greatly increased in England as well as in France; and in both countries it is generally agreed that the system works satisfactorily. At the Bank of France there are now 160 female clerks, who receive 3 francs a day to commence with, and whose annual salary after a year or two's service, rises to 1,800 francs; and at the Paris office of the Credit Foncier, where also there is a large staff of women, the remuneration beginning at 3.20 francs a day, rises in some cases to as much as 4,000 francs, or $800 a year. In both establishments the hours of attendance are from 9 to 4 on six days of the week; and the male and female clerks sit in different rooms—the women being superintended by officials of their own sex, and thus enjoying the greatest possible degree of privacy.

A COURTEOUS RETORT.—A good story is told of the wife of an American diplomast who is fond of calling upon the celebrities in every place which she visits. Being in Florence some time ago, she expressed her intention of calling upon "Ouida," the well-known novelist. Her friends attempted to dissuade her, saying that "Ouida" had a violent prejudice against Americans. Undeterred, the female diplomatist called at the novelist's house and was met by "Ouida," who said: "I must tell you that I exceedingly dislike Americans." "I am very much surprised to hear that," was the reply, "for they are the only people who read your nasty books."—[Hour.

The stage beard looks as much like a beard that grew there as a cow's tail would if tied to the bronze dog on the front porch. When you tie a heavy black beard on a young actor, whose whole soul would be churned up if he smoked a full fledged cigar, he looks about as savage as a bowl of mush and milk struck with a club.

For lively old boys commend us to the Green Mountain State. At Castleton not long ago Hyde Westover, aged 87 years, drove the team and Joseph Bishop, aged 81, held the plow to plow an acre of land in a day. One of the horses was 20 and the other 19 years old and the team has been driven by the same man 16 years.

The New York *World* says: "A tariff for revenue" is not "free trade." A demand for revenue reform is not "free-trade." Opposition to extreme protection of the Pennsylvania type is not "free-trade." Opposition to a prohibitory tariff is not "free-trade." Opposition to monopolies is not "free-trade."

It will require four cars to bring the Escambia county, Ala., big tree to the Louisville Exposition. It is 117 feet long, and will be used as a flag pole in front of the Exposition building.

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box ***free*** of charge.

Dr. T. H. Rucker, of Arlington, Ind., says that Brown's Expectorant is the most valuable remedy for consumption extant. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Rev. C. H. Marshall, formerly pastor of Fourth Presbyterian church, Indianapolis, says he has used Brown's Expectorant for years in his family, always with good results. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.